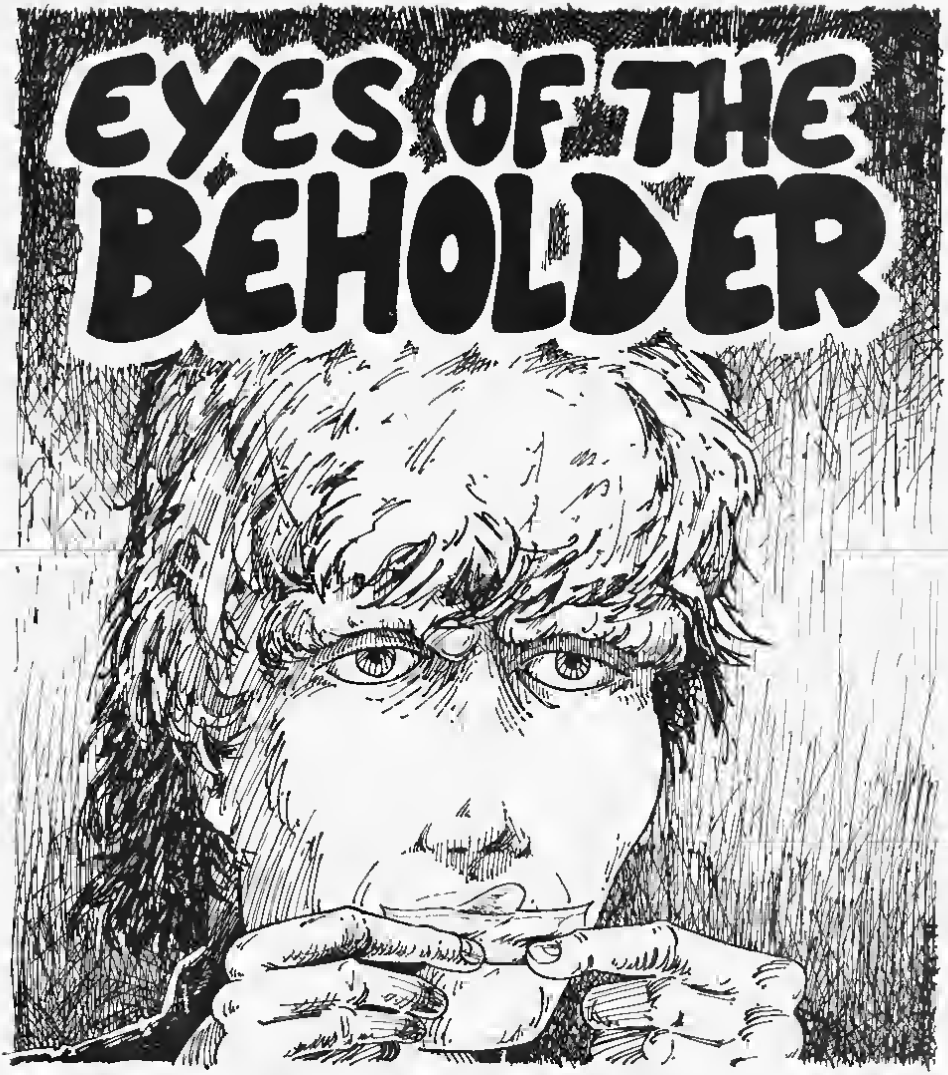
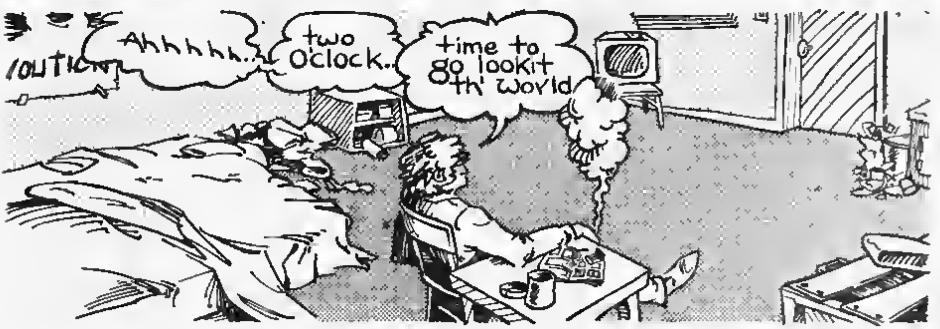
SLOW DEATH 4
$1.00
COD
$1.25
ADULTS ONLY
LAST GASP
A WORLD PEACE TREATY
WAS SIGNED ON THIS SPOT
BY ALL THE NATIONS OF THE
EARTH
JULY 19

"HOMESICK" © 1972 T.VEITCH-JAXON

SLOW DEATH #4 ©1972 CORBEN, IRONS, JAXON, METZGER, SHERIDAN, & LAST GASP ECO-FUNNIES P.O. BOX 212, BERKELEY CALIF. 94701 · WORLD RIGHTS RIGHTS RESERVED. A SLOW DEATH WILL HAUNT YOU IF YOU USE WITHOUT PERMISSION! R.TURNER→EDITOR.....

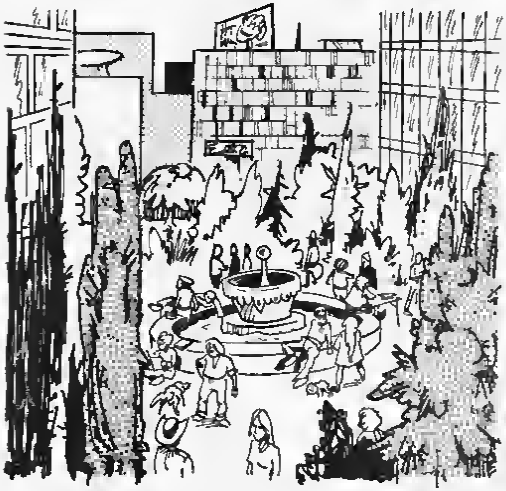
EYES OF THE BEHOLDER



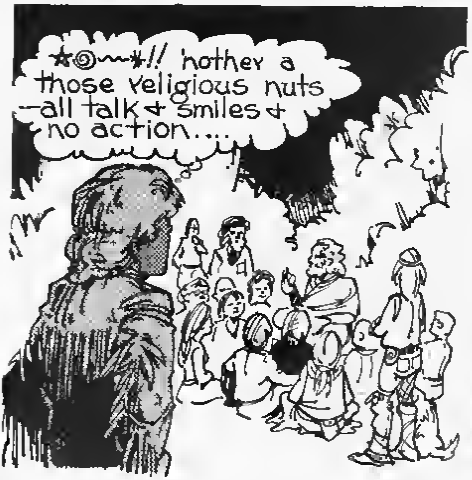


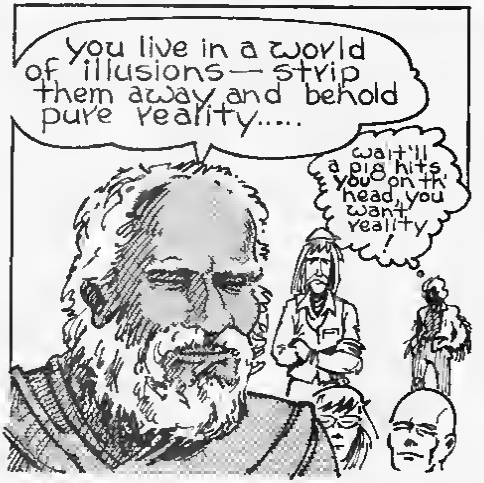
SHAKE
SHAKE
SLAM
RATTLE
SHAKE

Godhamm...
guess i'll go t'da park..



nobody i know here....well..... yoll on up t'day shops and...
truth? you wish to know truth?


★◎~#!! hother a those veligious nuts -all talk + smiles + no action....


you live in a world of illusions— strip them away and behold pure veality.....
wait'll a pig hits you on th' head, you want veality!

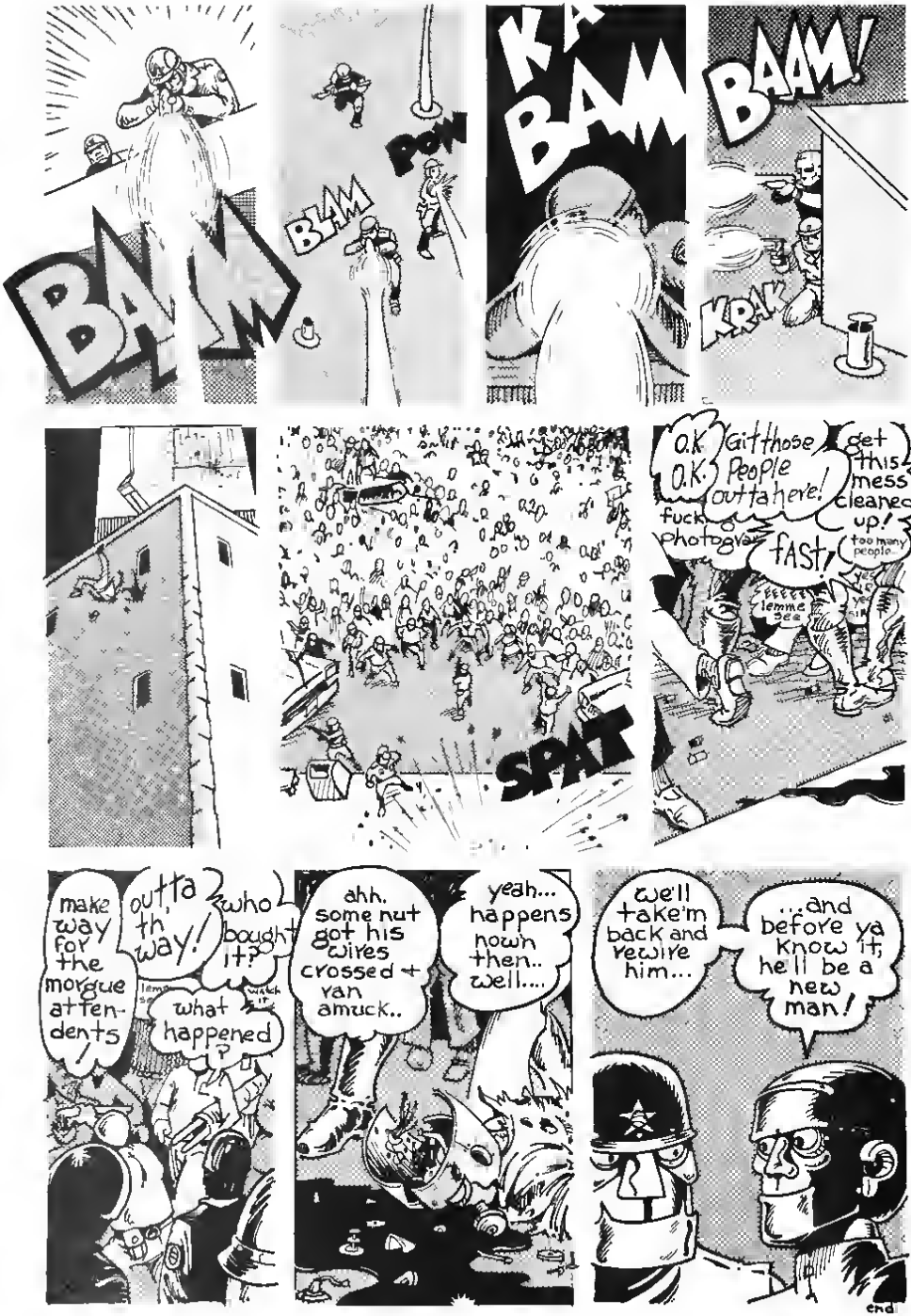
Slip'm some acid, show'm where it's Really at... mutter/mumble...
Psst!
TRASH
HELP KEEP OUR CITY CLEAN
take this pill, please— it will reveal to you a truth.
AWK! what the sputter/fuck
...a..
..pill..
what else?
in your country all things—love, peace, truth, even God—are reduced to a pill. how else could i get you to accept what i say?
this pill'll make me smart, huh? will it get me off?
that is not what i said.
it will show you truth only. what you do with that is up to you.... i can only say further that it will be, ah, heavy, man.
dynamite, man! GULP
nuthin too heavy for me.
Hey! where'd he go?
he got outta there as quick as he got in. far out.
wonder what he takes?
HELP KEEP OUR CITY CLEAN

Well...now when does it take off?
...and now..
SCREECH
THUD
EEEEEEEE
my dog you hit my dog!
im sorry, he ranrite out in fronta me, im sorry..
my dog my dog
A MACHINE! a robot dog with hair... what the hell IS this?
Hey look, there's michael!
HEY Mike!
Hi, man. Hey, we jus' got some food...
hash
..wanna come over and help us do it up?
Red Mountain
guess not...
far out
far out
EEEYAAAAAAA

SHAKE
BAM
SHAKE
HOME made it, GASP!
Whew, safe! no robot things in here....
except
KLIK
blip SQUAWK
bibble recap of days headlines before flipblip
babble babble babble
babble babble babble
babble babble babble
i KNEW it i KNEW it
then they're in control! how far have they gotten? how many are they?
babble great manbabble leaderbabble willbbabbl
can't something be done? is it too late? who did this?
Who has the Power?
abby
in the city rally tomor opening add followed by babble
him!
yesyes, all our political leaders WOULD be robot things! can i be sure? i'll check HIM out; i'll start with the big one first...

i'll get them, one by one..
what if they find out i know?
who are THEY?
they? people from another planet?
scientologists?
..how, how long has this been going on?
has anyone else ever found out before?
that Guru, he knew— i may have brothers somewhere...
TION
morning..
DRUGS
oh God, there are thousands of them—how'd it all happen?
just don't understand how come i never noticed it before. is someone substituting or are we all being transformed?
hey Mike, goin' down to the rally for th' action?
gotta do Something before its too late...
now

afternoon
F.B.I.
MY FRIENDS..
KRAK!
AND YOU ARE MY
URK
SQUEE
POP
HANG
SPROING
I GOT'M! he WAS a robot, flew to bits, I GOT'M!
there he is!


BAM
POW
BAM
KA
BAM
BAAM!
KRAK
SPAT
O.K. O.K.
Git those People outta here!
get this mess cleaned up!
too many people
fuck photogs
FAST!
lemme see
make way for the morgue attendents
outta th way!
who bought it?
what happened?
ahh. some nut got his wires crossed + ran amuck..
yeah... happens nown then.. well....
we'll take'm back and rewire him...
...and before ya know it, he'll be a new man!
end

ECOTOPIA 2001
SAN FRANCISCO: 2001 — THE DAWN OF A NEW MILLENIUM ON AN EARTH WHERE MAN LIVES IN HARMONY WITH HIS BROTHERS AND WITH NATURE...
... AN EARTH WHERE THE MACHINES OF WAR HAVE STILLED... WHERE THERE IS AMPLE FOOD FOR ALL, AND MAN RELAXES IN HIS WORK...
IT'S A BEAUTIFUL WORLD, TOMMY!
PASS ME THAT JOINT, PAL.
YEAH, THE BROTHERS AND SISTERS REALLY DID GET IT TOGETHER!
A FEW "PEACE OFFICERS" PATROL THE POLLUTION FREE SKIES OF A CITY WITHOUT CRIME...
THIS MUST BE THE AGE OF AQUARIUS!
THAT'S WHAT THEY CALL IT!

YES, THE AGE OF AQUARIUS .. THE AEON OF LOVE! UNIVERSAL BIRTH CONTROL HAS STABALIZED THE POPULATION AND FREED MAN FROM HIS SEXUAL TABOOS!
LOOK! A LOVE IN!
LOVE IS EVERYWHERE! AND YOUTH! IN 1975 SCIENCE CONQUERED THE AGING PROCESS.. SINCE 1980 THE DEATH RATE HAS DWINDLED TO ALMOST ZERO!
LET'S CHECK OUT THIS SCENE, TOMMY!
PEACE
MR NATURAL FUCKS
SLURP
SUCK
OOOH! TH' PIGS!
PEACE 'N' LOVE, SISTER!
HOW DO YOU GUYS LIKE BEIN' PIGS?
WELL..
... AINT SO BAD, IS IT TOMMY?
NAW!
MMG

HEY FELLAS.. I HATE TO INTERRUPT YA, BUT WE GOT A REPORT OF STRAIGHTS SEEN IN YOUR PATROL AREA!
AW SHIT!
SHLUP!
WELL, BACK TO WORK! C'MON TOMMY!
YOU DUDES BE CAREFUL! I HEAR STRAIGHTS DON'T EVEN SMOKE DOPE!
FUCKIN STRAIGHTS MAN!
... COMPUTER'S TRACKED 'EM TO A WAREHOUSE ON 17TH AND MISSOURI!
YEAH.. MAKES ME NERVOUS! LET'S TOKE DOWN 'FORE WE HIT 'EM!
YEP! IT'S STRAIGHTS ALRIGHT!
BLAM BLAM
... THEY GOT THOSE FUCKIN' ANTIQUE GUNS TOO... BETTER SUIT UP!

BLAM
BLAM
STUN LASER
GOT TWO OF 'EM! LET'S GO IN!
LEAVE US ALONE YA FAGGOT COPS!
BLAM BLAM
YOUR KIND WILL NEVER TELL US WHAT TO DO!
BL
BLAM
YOU FUCKHEADS WILL NEVER LEARN!
SSS
FAP

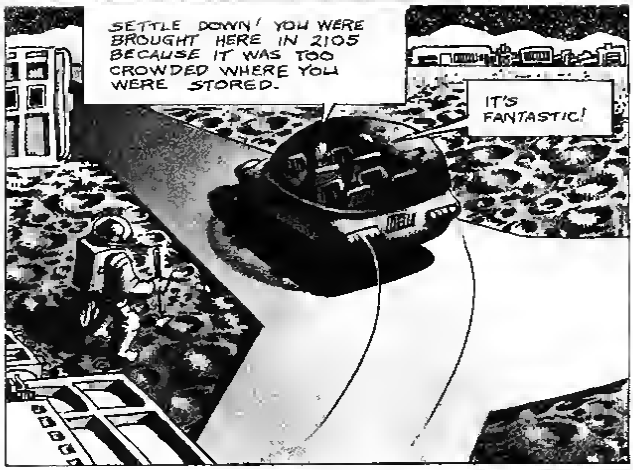
HEY, EASY WITH THAT STUNNER- WE DONT WANT TO HURT THEM!
OOPS!
YAA!
FWAM
MAN- A WORLD OF PEACE AND JOY, AN' THESE BASTARDS WANT TO RUIN IT!
THIS ONE'S STILL CONCIOUS!
WHERE'S YER WOMEN, MISTER?
WHYN'T YA JUST KILL ME FAGGOT!?!
SPLAT
PTU!
LET'S CHECK OUT THE BUILDING, TOMMY!
THIS GUY REMINDS ME TOO MUCH OF MY FATHER!

I GOT A FEELIN' WE'RE GONNA FIND SOMETHIN' REAL NASTY DOWN HERE!
=GAG=
YEP.. HERE THEY IS — C'MERE TOMMY.. GET READY TO BE SICK!
KIDS!
FOUR OF 'EM! AN' ONE OF THE CHICKS IS PREGNANT!
GAWD — TO THINK EVERYBODY WAS DOIN' THAT JUST ABOUT TWENTY YEARS AGO!
— JUST LIKE FUCKIN' ANIMALS!
BETTER RADIO THE SNUFF SQUAD TOMMY — YOU AN' ME GOT MORE PEACEFUL MATTERS TO ATTEND TO..
Irons·Veitch

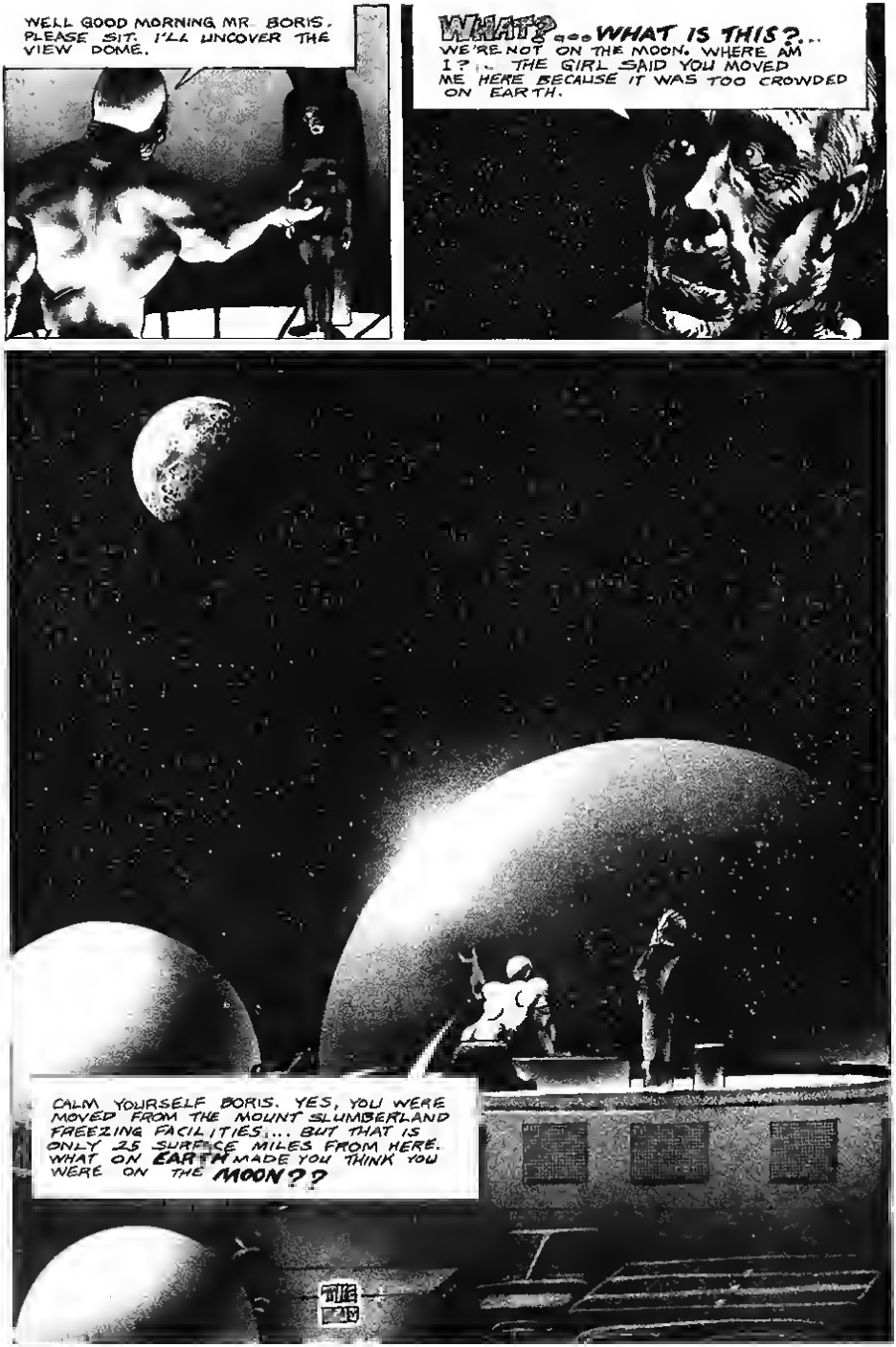
ICY COLD BLACK... VELVET...
A SCRATCHING AT MY NUMBED BRAIN...
SOMETHING IS HAPPENING.
THE AWAKENING
WHERE AM I?...
WHAT IS IT?...
HE'S COMING TO.
YES, THIS NEW THAW MACHINE PULLS 'EM OUT FASTER THAN THE OTHER ONE DID.
13944 AV TECH
HIS NAME IS CLYDE WILLIAM BORIS - NO I.D. NUMBER, FROZEN IN 1975 BECAUSE OF TERMINAL CANCER. CORRECTIVE TREATMENT PERFORMED YESTERDAY, MAY 13, 2163. REVIVED MAY 14, 2163... HE WAS A CONSERVATIONIST BEFORE HIS ILLNESS.
HE SURE MUST HAVE INFLUENCIAL DECENDANTS TO SWING THIS REVIVAL DESPITE THE POPULATION LAW.
643-YEP 739-05 OKAY... A-85. ON MY WAY!

OKAY CLYDE WILLIAM BORIS, GET UP AND DRESSED. YOU'RE DUE IN DOCTOR SPIKES OFFICE IN 10 MINUTES FOR ORIENTATION.
UUNNH.. OOH MY HEAD!
C'MON CLYDE, DON'T MAKE ME LATE FOR MY 08:10 POT BREAK.
EVERYTHING IS SO STRANGE.
THIS WAY! THE ELEVATOR'S THIS WAY.

GET IN THIS SURFACE CAR, POPS - WE'VE GOT TO GO OUTSIDE TO GET TO DR SPIKES BUILDING.
OH GOD! THIS ISN'T WHERE I WAS FROZEN!
LOCK

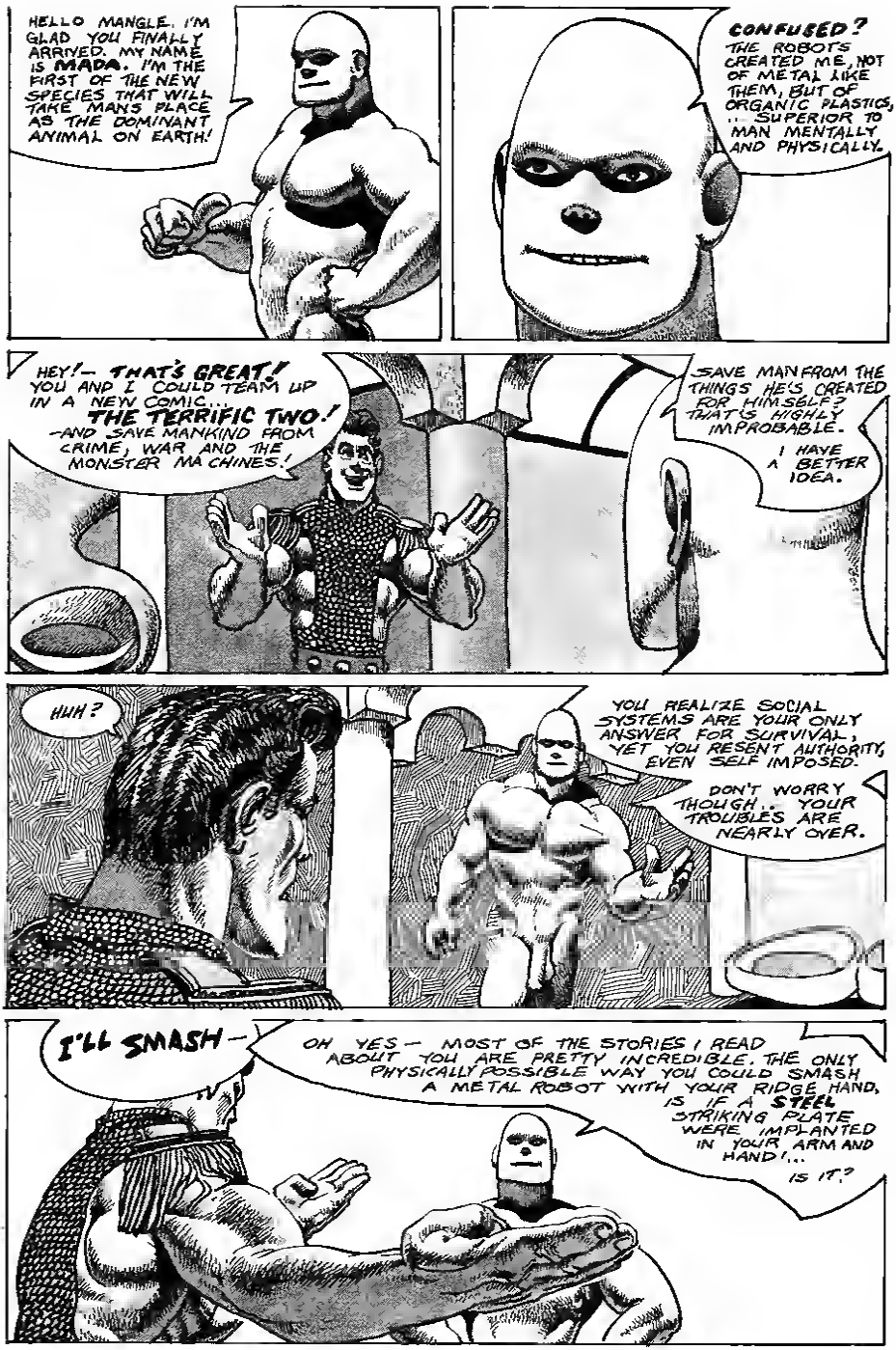

SETTLE DOWN! YOU WERE BROUGHT HERE IN 2105 BECAUSE IT WAS TOO CROWDED WHERE YOU WERE STORED.
IT'S FANTASTIC!

SIT DOWN AND WAIT HERE. DOCTOR SPIKE WILL BE HERE PRESENTLY
THANK YOU FOR YOUR TENDER CARE AND KIND UNDERSTANDING

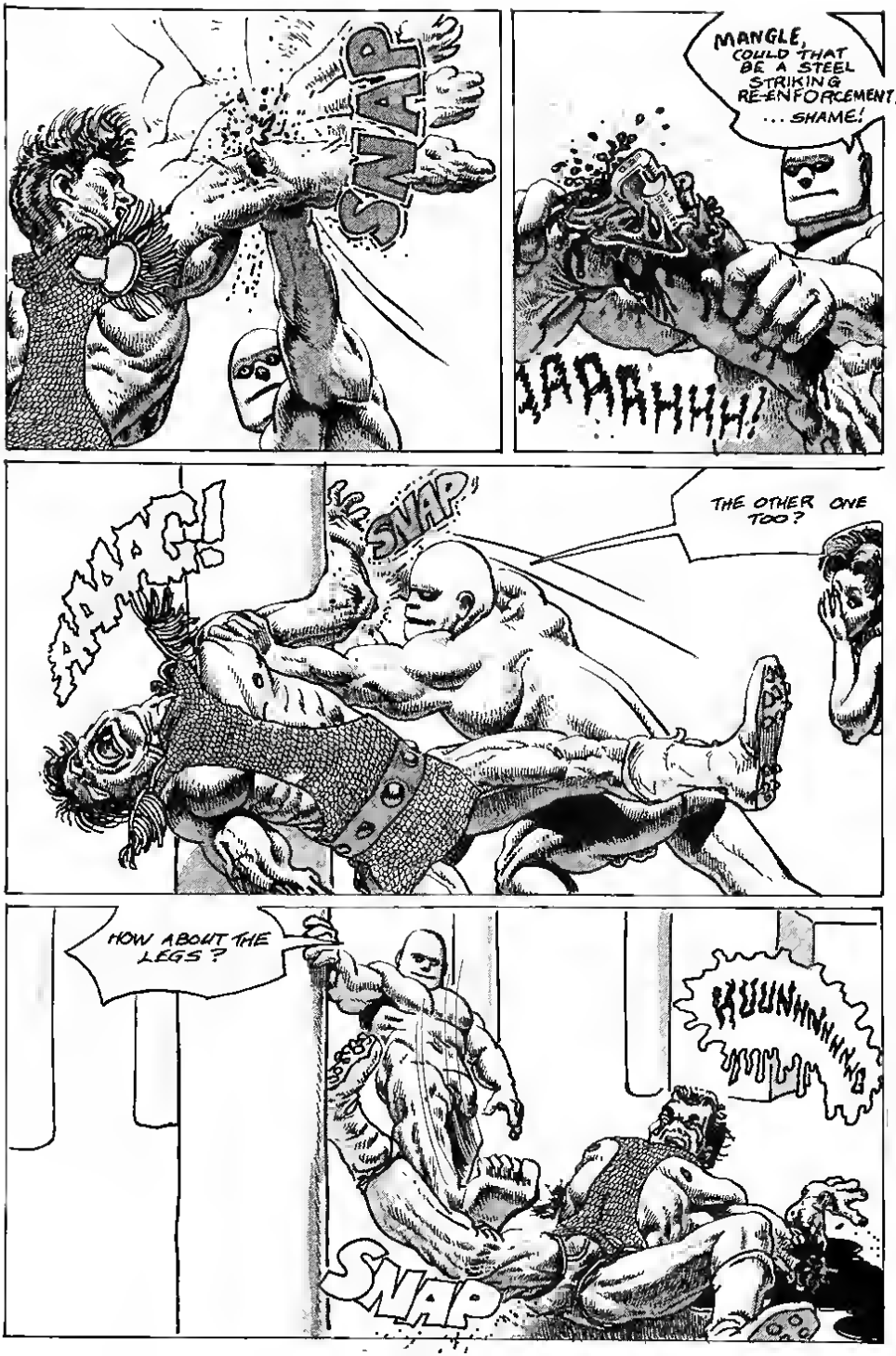

WELL GOOD MORNING MR. BORIS. PLEASE SIT. I'LL UNCOVER THE VIEW DOME.
WHAT? ... WHAT IS THIS?.. WE'RE NOT ON THE MOON. WHERE AM I?.. THE GIRL SAID YOU MOVED ME HERE BECAUSE IT WAS TOO CROWDED ON EARTH.
CALM YOURSELF BORIS. YES, YOU WERE MOVED FROM THE MOUNT SLUMBERLAND FREEZING FACILITIES... BUT THAT IS ONLY 25 SURFACE MILES FROM HERE. WHAT ON EARTH MADE YOU THINK YOU WERE ON THE MOON??

MANGLE, ROBOT MANGLER
WHANG
SQUEEEEEEEE
YOU STEEL STOOLIE!
AS YOU WISH MANGLE, SIR. THE ROBOT UNDERGROUND HAS TAKEN YOUR GIRLFRIEND JEELA TO SECTION 349 BOTTOM LEVEL FOR TESTING. WE ROBOTS ARE COMPLETING A SECRET WEAPON TO HALT YOUR HARASSMENT.
JUST AS I THOUGHT.. YOU GREASY IRON SHITS!!... ...ALSO...YOU GAVE IN TOO EASILY!
JUST ANSWERING YOUR INQUIRY SIR
WHANG
SQUEEEEEEEE
HAUGH!
BLANG
SQUEEK
BLAP
DIE!
CRUNCH
SPLAT

SECTION 348, BOTTOM LEVEL EH? I'LL TEACH THEM TYRANICAL TINKER TOYS A LESSON!
346
347
348
349
350
KAAAH!
PLEASE SIR, DO NOT EXCITE YOUR SELF.
SKREEEEEE
I LOVE THAT SKREEEEEE SOUND THEY MAKE WHEN YA HURT 'EM.
GLANG
OKAY, WHERE'S THEM FUCKIN FABRICATIONS?!

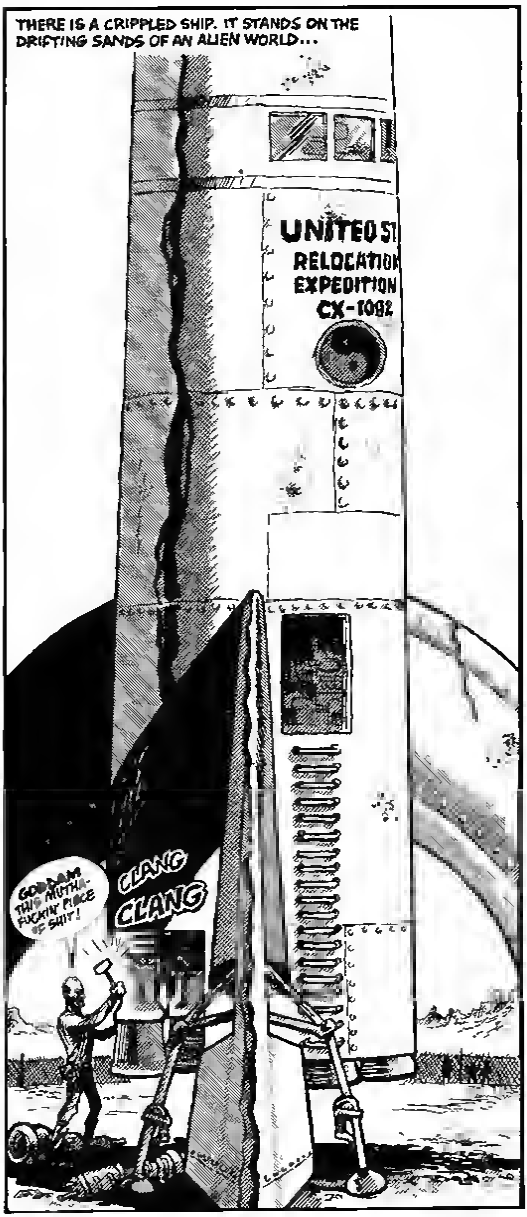

HELLO MANGLE. I'M GLAD YOU FINALLY ARRIVED. MY NAME IS MADA. I'M THE FIRST OF THE NEW SPECIES THAT WILL TAKE MANS PLACE AS THE DOMINANT ANIMAL ON EARTH!
CONFUSED? THE ROBOTS CREATED ME, NOT OF METAL LIKE THEM, BUT OF ORGANIC PLASTICS, .. SUPERIOR TO MAN MENTALLY AND PHYSICALLY.
HEY!— THAT'S GREAT! YOU AND I COULD TEAM UP IN A NEW COMIC... THE TERRIFIC TWO! -AND SAVE MANKIND FROM CRIME, WAR AND THE MONSTER MA CHINES!
SAVE MAN FROM THE THINGS HE'S CREATED FOR HIMSELF? THAT'S HIGHLY IMPROBABLE.
I HAVE A BETTER IDEA.
HUH?
YOU REALIZE SOCIAL SYSTEMS ARE YOUR ONLY ANSWER FOR SURVIVAL, YET YOU RESENT AUTHORITY, EVEN SELF IMPOSED.
DON'T WORRY THOUGH.. YOUR TROUBLES ARE NEARLY OVER.
I'LL SMASH—
OH YES— MOST OF THE STORIES I READ ABOUT YOU ARE PRETTY INCREDIBLE. THE ONLY PHYSICALLY POSSIBLE WAY YOU COULD SMASH A METAL ROBOT WITH YOUR RIDGE HAND, IS IF A STEEL STRIKING PLATE WERE IMPLANTED IN YOUR ARM AND HAND!... IS IT?

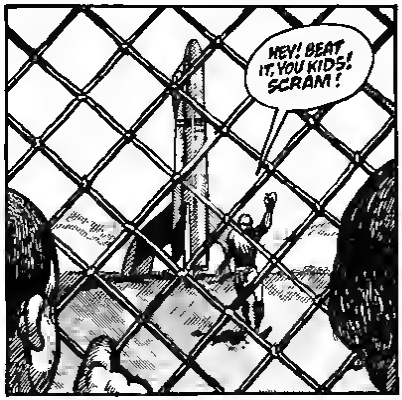
THAT'S A GODDAMNED LIE!
—HUH?
C'MON BACK MADA, LET'S TRY SOME MORE TEST'S...
MANGLE! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
JEELA!
SINCE I'M THE FIRST OF MY RACE, THE ROBOTS AND I WISHED TO SEE IF MY SEXUAL ATTRIBUTES ARE COMPATIBLE TO THE HUMAN SYSTEM.
JEELA HAS BECOME VERY ENTHUSIASTIC SINCE WE BEGAN.
EEEE GH!


SNAP
MANGLE, COULD THAT BE A STEEL STRIKING RE-ENFORCEMENT? ... SHAME!
AAARHHH!
AAAG!
SNAP
THE OTHER ONE TOO?
HOW ABOUT THE LEGS?
KUUNHHHHHH
SNAP

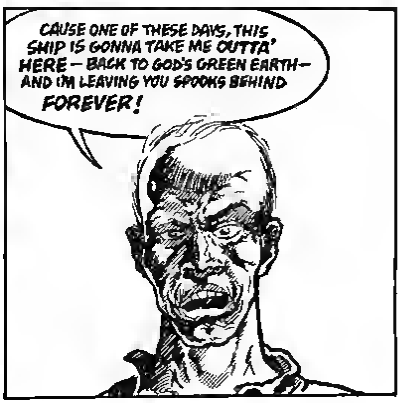
FOR MY FRIENDS, THE ROBOTS, AND MY OWN PROTECTION, I MUST REMOVE THESE DANGEROUS TOOLS!
OH MANGLE, I TOLD YOU TO LEAVE THE ROBOTS ALONE, ... THAT THEY'D GET YOU SOMEDAY!
RIP
RRIIP
KRAKKLE
RIP
... UNH... JEELA... WHY DIDN'T YA... EVER ...LET ME HAVE ... UNH. ANY... UNH!
AH, MANGLE OLD BOY, HOW DO YOU FEEL? THE ROBDOCTOR SAVED YOUR LIFE... YOU SHOULD BE GRATEFUL.
WE BROUGHT YOU SOME FLOWERS MANGLE, TO CHEER YOU UP.
... THEY'RE ARTIFICIAL YOU JUST CAN'T GET REAL ONES.
YOU CAN ALSO BE GRATEFUL TO JEELA HERE... SHE CONVINCED ME TO NOT OVERTHROW THE HUMAN RACE. THE ROBOTS AREN'T WORRIED ANY MORE WITH YOU DISARMED (HEH, HEH!), SO JEELA AND I ARE JUST GOING OFF TO HAVE A FUCKING GOOD TIME.
...ACTUALLY THE PLASTIC ONES ARE BETTER, BECAUSE THEY WON'T DIE AND ROT.
THE END

HOMESICK


THERE IS A CRIPPLED SHIP. IT STANDS ON THE DRIFTING SANDS OF AN ALIEN WORLD...
UNITED ST
RELOCATION
EXPEDITION
CX-1092
GODDAM THIS MUTHA-FUCKIN' PLACE IS SHIT!
CLANG
CLANG


HEY! BEAT IT, YOU KIDS! SCRAM!

HOW COME YOU ALWAYS WORKING ON TH' SHIP, HUH, MR. HAWKINS?


CAUSE ONE OF THESE DAYS, THIS SHIP IS GONNA TAKE ME OUTTA' HERE — BACK TO GOD'S GREEN EARTH — AND I'M LEAVING YOU SPOOKS BEHIND FOREVER!

NOW GET OUTTA HERE! YOU KNOW YOU AIN'T SUPPOSED TO BE HANGIN' ROUND THIS FENCE! THAT GOES FOR YOU TOO, MISS AMERICA — GO MAKE EYES AT ONE OF YOUR GEEK SWEETIES!
KEEP OUT
BY ORDER OF SUPERVISOR HAWKINS
NO EXCEPTIONS
SLAM
HAWKINS IS SUPERVISOR OF A COLONY OF MUTANTS, A JOB HE INHERITED FROM HIS FATHER, YEARS AGO.
TWISTED FREAKS! ALL TH' TIME FOLLOWIN' ME... EVERYWHERE I GO. MUMBLE MUTTER.
BUT UNLIKE HIS FATHER, HE DID NOT CHOOSE THE JOB. UNLIKE HIS FATHER, HE HAS NO WOMAN..
MORNIN MR HAWKINS
MORNIN MR HAWKINS SIR
MORNIN MISTER HAWKINS
..DRIVING ME NUTS!
MORNIN' MR HAWKINS
MORNIN' MR HAWKINS
MORNIN' MR HAWKINS
OUTTA MY WAY, BENT-HEAD!
WITHOUT WOMAN, A MAN IS NOTHING — EVEN WHEN HE'S WORSHIPPED AS A GOD ...
CAN'T STAND THE SIGHT OF THESE CRETINS MUCH LONGER
NUTHIN' TO GET ME OFF EXCEPT MASTURBATIN' OVER CRUMBLING PHOTOS!

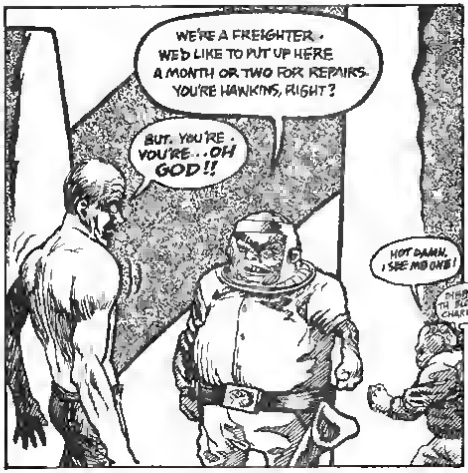
WHADYA WANT? I TOLD YOU—
RUB RUB
AHH FUCK!! OK, YOU ASKED FOR IT, CUMON!!
JEEZ, I'D RATHER FUCK SHEEP.... WISH WE HAD SHEEP!
SIGH
WHADYA LOOKIN' AT? GET YER RAGS OFF, SWEETHEART!.... AND DON'T FORGET THIS!
GRUNT TUG
..CAN'T FORGET MY PROTECTION... I AIN'T ABOUT TO MIX MY GENES WITH NO MONGOLOIDS.
GOD FORGIVE.. I..I'M..COMING!
?

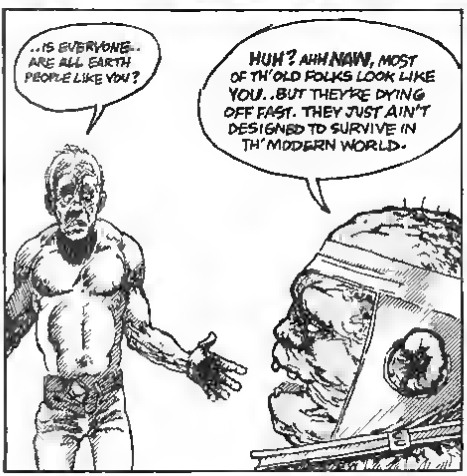
ANOTHER YEAR OF THIS AND I'LL PROBABLY BE ABLE TO STAND IT WITHOUT TH' MASK · CHOKE
SOMEBODY SAID THAT YOU WAS UP TO HAWKINS' PLACE TODAY, DARLIN' LIL... PASS TH' BEANS, SON...
GULP
MUNCH MUNCH
IT'S TRUE, PA !!! I SAW HER GO INSIDE WITH MR. HAWKINS!
YOU SHUT YOUR MOUTH, JOHNNY! YOU DON'T KNOW NUTHIN' ABOUT NUTHIN!
NOW DARLIN' LIL, I'M GONNA HAVE TO TELL YA A STORY. I TOLD IT TO YA ONCE BEFORE, BUT IT SEEMS LIKE YOU FORGOT.
YES, PA..
A LONG TIME AGO, BACK ON GOD'S GREEN EARTH, THERE WAS MILLIONS N' MILLIONS OF PEOPLE; AND THEY ALL LOOKED LIKE MR. HAWKINS.
DROOL
KILL
THEY TALKED LIKE HIM TOO, REAL MEAN N' NASTY. ALTHO THEIR BODIES WERE BEAUTIFUL, THEIR SOULS WERE TWISTED WITH POISON N' GREED.

THAT POISON DIDN'T STAY IN THEIR HEARTS. IT CAME SMOKIN' OUT OF THEIR EYES AND MOUTHS UNTIL IT FILLED THE WHOLE EARTH!
TOWARDS THE END OF THE 20TH CENTURY, THE DOCTORS FOUND OUT THAT ALL THAT SMOKIN' N' POISON WAS DOING STRANGE THINGS.
OH GOD, ANOTHER ONE!!
WHEN THE GOVERNMENTS FIGURED OUT WHAT WAS DISTORTIN' SO MANY NEWBORN INFANTS, THEY GOT TO WORK RIGHT AWAY CLEANING UP THE POLLUTION...
CLOSED
BY ENVIRONMENTAL PROTECTION AGENCY
AND THEY GATHERED UP ALL THE MUTANTS AND SHIPPED 'UM OFF ACROSS THE STARS TO A PLACE WHERE THEY COULD LIVE WITHOUT DANGER OF CONTAMINATIN' THE GENETIC POOL.
RELOCATION DEPOT
TWO SCIENTESTS WERE SENT TO OBSERVE AND SUPERVISE THE LIFE OF THE MUTANTS- THAT WAS TED AND IRMA HAWKINS, GOD REST THEIR SOULS, FOR THEY WERE BENEVOLENT PEOPLE.
HEALTH CARE CENTER
YOU KNOW THE REST, CHILD. THEY HAD A SON, AND THAT BOY GREW UP TO BE LORD N' MASTER OF THIS WORLD. DIFFERENT FROM THEM AS NIGHT N' DAY..
HE AIN'T LIKE US, HONEY. HE'S GOT A BEAUTIFUL BODY, BUT HIS SOUL'S ROTTEN CLEAR THRU!
YES PA— BUT I LOVE HIM!!

DAMN! NOTHING OUT THERE BUT STATIC! YEAR AFTER YEAR..
BUZZ CRACKLE FIZZ
YOUR FOOD, MR HAWKINS..
YEAH, YEAH, THANKS SWEETHEART.. DID I EVER SHOW YA THIS LITTL' RIG! GOT A TAPE LOOP SENDING OUT DISTRESS SIGNALS ON EVERY CHANNEL....AND THIS HERE SWEEPS TH' DIAL- LOOKIN' FOR SIGNALS FROM PASSING SHIPS..
IT'S HOPELESS, THO... AIN'T NOTHIN' COME WITHIN A MILLION MILES OF THIS HOLE IN TH' LAST TEN YEARS.. AND THAT WAS A TRANSPORT CARRYING RADIOACTIVE ORE.. SAID THEY COULDN'T STOP..
JEEZ, SWEETPEA.. YOU'RE A GOOD COOK! TRYIN TA' SOFTEN ME UP FOR A LITTLE AFTER-DINNER SCREWIN; EH?
TEE HEE
PINCH
PANT PANT
SLURSH SCHLISH
CRACKLE..HELLO BZZZ EARTH COLONY BRZZTT ARE YOU THERE. CALLING ZZZ- EARTH COLONY.
MY GOD..
YES, THIS IS HAWKINS! COME IN! COME IN! WHO ARE YOU??
CRACKLE BIZZZTTT

HELLO EARTH COLONY.. WE'RE FROM EARTH... REQUEST LANDING CLEARANCE.. CAN YOU GIVE US YOUR COORDINATES ?
YES,OH GOD YES! GOT UM' RIGHT HERE SOMEWHERE YES, THAT'S 23° ON BETEL GEYSE, 147° ON OUR SUN!
C'MON DOWN, YOU BEAUTIFUL FUCKERS!
YIPPEE! YOU HEAR THAT?! I'M GETTIN OUT! I'M LEAVING YOU CREEPS BEHIND! HA! HAHAHA
HEAR THEM ENGINES? HAHA, CHECK YA LATER, SWEETPEA—MUCH LATER! HAHA HA HA HA HA
HA HA HA HA HA
RROOAAARRR
WELCOME!! WELCOME TO—
..TH' ..
HEY FELLAS, LOOK! DAMES!!
OH YEAH??





Veitch jaxon 72

NAPALM STICKS TO KIDS

We shoot the sick, the young, the lame,
We do our best to kill and maime,
Because the kills all count the same,
Napalm sticks to kids

Flying low across the trees,
Pilots doing what they please,
Dropping frags on refugees,
Napalm sticks to kids

Flying low and looking mean,
See that family by the stream,
Drop some nape an hear 'em scream,
Napalm sticks to kids

A group of gooks in the grass,
But all the fighting's long since past,
Crispy youngsters in a mass,
Napalm sticks to kids.

Drop some napalm on the barn,
It won't do too much harm
Just burn off a leg or arm
Napalm sticks to kids.

Gather kids as you fly over town,
By tossing candy on the ground,
Then grease 'em when they gather round,
Napalm sticks to kids

Ox cart rolling down the road,
Peasants with a heavy load,
They're all VIC! when the bombs explode,
Napalm sticks to kids

Cobras flying in the sun,
Killing gooks is macho fun,
If one's pregnant it's two for one,
Napalm sticks to kids

There's a gook down on her knees
Launch some fleshettes into the breeze,
Her arms are nailed to the trees,
Napalm sticks to kids

Blues out on a road recon,
See some children with their mom,
What the hell, let's drop the bomb,
Napalm sticks to kids.

CIA with guns for hire
Montagnards around a fire,
Napalm sticks to kids

A baby sucking on his mother's tit
Children cowering in a pit,
Dow chemical doesn't give a shit,
Napalm sticks to kids

Eighteen kids in a "no fire zone"
Books under arm as they go home,
Last in line goes home alone,
Napalm sticks to kids

They're in good shape for the shape they're in
But I wonder how they win,
With napalm running down their skin,
Napalm sticks to kids

Thanks very much for all the letters, no room for a do loop letter page or a Slow Death Quiz this time. The cartoon was sent to us by Eric Kimball. The poem was the work of a group of AF and Army GIs assigned to the First Air Cav who sat down one night in a hootch in Nam and wrote a poem. It expressed their bitterness about the things they had done and toward the military that had made them murderers. The poem was first published in the June 71 issue of helping hand, POB 729, Mountain Home, Idaho 83647. Each verse depicts an actual event that at least one of the men participated in.

Other correspondents called for emergency preparedness based on the "bug out system" that SAC base personnel and families use, while one woman from New York suggested that to defuse the population bomb "we should swallow a load so the population won't explode". Keep them cards and letters coming folks, we will print some in the next Slow Death. Back issues of Slow Death available for 65 cents each. Include age statement with each order. Dealer McDope games $7.95 postpaid. Send to Baba Ron Turner, Editor, Slow Death Funnies, PO Box 212, Berkeley, Ca 94704

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The BRIDE of Sir Real's

UNDERGROUND COMIX CLASSIX

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2 - Whatta Mama San
3 - Eyes Of The Beholder
11 - Ecotopia 2001
17 - The Awakening
21 - Mangle, Robot Mangler
27 - Homesick
35 - Napalm Sticks To Kids
36 - The Dealer McDope Game (Ad)

Artists:

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Richard V. Corben - 1, 17-26
Dave Sheridan - 2, 36(ad)
George Metzger - 3-10
Greg Irons - 11-16(a)
Tom Veitch - 11-16(s), 27-34(s)
Jack Jackson - 27-34(a)
Eric Kimball - 35
AF & Army GI's
of the First Air Cavalry - 35(poem)

Comments:
n/a